appear in the shirt Adam gave me and melt where he gazed with eyes of flame. Look pretty for the picture, Connie.

Death stars in Pink Flamingos and sits stoned in the audience with Adam and his lesbian girl friends from his job at the women's shelter. Death laughs at everything. There are no serious parts.

Death walks on the green grass in daylight and sleeps in the ground. Death holds everything together. Death is bad continuity. Death is the pink flamingos and the newspaper blowing against their iron stilts during the credits.

Death is melodrama and real life. Death is the skeleton in the gallery that doesn't scare us any more. Death makes us wonder what it's doing here. Death makes us wonder what we are.

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On Friday afternoon Adam told me that he'd shaved off all his pubic hair. I didn't know why. He was seeing himself laid out at the morgue. He wanted to be clean.

I'm sitting on a battered park bench at the beginning of that green strip at the end of Thing Street overlooking the lake. There aren't any houses on this side of the street. When my mother was alive I used to go "home" to Maypole City by train. I would look up from the tracks below and see the big houses and wonder what they were like. Now I know. I